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ENGRAVINGS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER:—REVICTUALLING PARIS: FREE DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF FROM ENGLAND, AND A BESIEGED RESIDENT FEASTING, WITH "THE NATURALIST'S" GOSSIP. FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS. VALENTINES OF THE PRESENT SEASON (16 CUTS), AND IN SUSPENSE ON FEB. 14. MILITARY EXAMPLE FOR ENGLAND: EVOLUTIONS OF THE SWISS ARMY. THREE PICTURES OF SCHOOL DRILL AT STEPNEY; AND A SCENE FROM "KING O' SCOTS."

REVICTUALLING PARIS: FREE DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF FROM ENGLAND.

Topics of the Week.

MOURNING.

WHETHER it may be attributable to the dark shadow of war, the sense of abiding calamity, the depressing influence of each day's terrible record of death and suffering; or whether we have really for some time past been going through a dark portion of the world's history, we will not now to stay to inquire. To most of us who read the newspapers—and, alas! to many who are but slightly informed of the passing chronicle of events—the last few months seem to have been full of mourning. Week after week we have had to note the death of some man famous in the councils, the intelligence, the art, the literature, or the piety of the country; and day after day we have been impelled to look with foreboding glances at that melancholy column in our morning paper which attracts the eye and repels the heart, as it announces in the ordinary formula the losses for which hundreds of bereaved parents, children, husbands, wives, friends, are sorrowing. It is well for those who mourn if they can come to regard such parting as only an interruption of that communion which shall one day be resumed under brighter and holier auspices; happy indeed for those who, like the grand, tender old warrior, poet king, can rise from the ashes, throw off the sackcloth, wash and anoint themselves, with the simple, tender, childlike trust that breaks from sobs into blessings, full of the hope of immortality. Among those who, while they belonged to the band of public journalists, were endeared alike to that circle of friends who acknowledge the brotherhood of letters, and to that sympathetic audience which can always to some extent identify an author with his work; among men who, if they do not lead or impel, at least skilfully represent and interpret the world of thought and sentiment, there have been several places left empty during the year that has gone. We have now another vacant seat to deplore, another bright, genial, kindly companion to think of with deep regret; and the public whom he had for some time lived to attract, to fascinate, and to improve in the amusement where so many people had previously declared improvement had ceased, have to share our regrets, even though they may be unable to include with them the keener pain that comes of personal loss and sympathy.

Mr. T. W. Robertson's name has become familiar throughout England as that of the author who has done most in our time to revive English comedy. Slight in construction and simple in plot, the dramas which have made his reputation have had in them that touch of genius which at once took them out of the list of ordinary plays. Mr. Robertson had other qualifications, however, which helped to secure his success. Very accurate knowledge of the capabilities of the stage, equally accurate appreciation of the peculiarities of the members of that dramatic company who helped to make his reputation, and whose reputation he made; and a subtle recognition of the tone of that portion of society which at once responded to his witty allusions, his bright unforced repartee, the easy-sustained humour of his dialogues, and the intensely human, and often purely pathetic, character of the actors in scenes which were never forced or only sensational, though they were generally striking and suggestive.

It is not necessary that we should write criticism or praise of Mr. Robertson's works, however. We mourn his loss. We look in vain for his successor among present dramatists, for his comedies were the result of a strange life-experience. It required a man to have been as he once was—an actor, the son of a country manager; a journalist, gaining a livelihood by his pen; and, if we may say so, to have been not successful as an actor and only moderately successful as a journalist before the real genius, wit, and slightly bitter humour that was in him could find its true expression in such dramas. His bitterness was only tonic—nothing was there of the crude flavour of disappointment at having somehow missed the rewards that might have waited on his earlier career upon the stage. There is a healthy tone about his plays which was at once recognised as a feature that might redeem the stage from the mitigated indecencies of adaptations from the French, while, at the same time, they touched on the most prominent features of present life and manners. In the large towns and principal cities of the provinces they had also gained a reputation which made them a welcome addition to the season. Alas! Mr. Frederick Younge, the manager of the company which presented Mr. Robertson's plays to the provinces, died only a few weeks ago, smitten suddenly out of this life in one of those two terrible accidents which seemed to inaugurate the railway calamities of the year. It is fitting that we should sometimes devote part of this column even to mourning, for it is a topic frequently recurring. Scarcely a week passes but the whole community has to regret one or other leading man or woman passed away from their labours. Among the many whose cares have for a time been lightened, whose human interests have been reawakened, whose deeper sentiments have been quickened by his works, the death of the gifted man whose loss we have to note will surely have many mourners.

PARIS FED.

Whatever may be the ultimate results of the armistice, Paris has once more had a dinner. Only the discoveries of outsiders who have just entered the capital of France can enable us justly to estimate the real depth of distress suffered by the three million inhabitants. It is all very well for those who are in the provinces, and, even if they are half starved, have the liberty to go and seek food, to talk of fighting to the last crust and of the triumph of despair, but to be bound by a ring of steel within a double ring of fortresses, with waning strength and the faintness of death creeping over an entire population, leaves little ambition but that of procuring a meal, and turns the desperate into the hopeless. After the revictualling there may be a slight change of opinion even among Parisians, but until there have been a succession of moderate meals Paris will not join Lyons and Bordeaux in expressions of warlike intensity. If Lyons or Bordeaux had, like Paris, for months kept the invader occupied, and for months waited in vain for those Armies of the Loire and the East and the other rapidly-approaching forces, which yet never came to her deliverance, they might have another tale to tell. Paris has kept France, as long as France could be kept, from entire conquest, and would have gained nothing by waiting for destruction while one army was beleaguered and another had become a mere weaponless crowd of fugitives to another State. The very strongest hope that the friends of France can now hold is that she may unite in a firm Provisional Government not only in order to protect herself from the pressure of a killing claim for indemnity, but in order to frustrate the deadly policy (of which there are some indications) that would bring back Imperialism and a dynasty, under the mockery of a Regency.

Home News.

COURT.

THE COURT returned to Windsor, from Osborne, on Tuesday, in order that the Queen might open Parliament in person. We are authorised to state that her Majesty will hold a Court at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, Feb. 21, to receive the Corps Diplomatique, her Majesty's Ministers, and other official personages, with the ladies of their families. The Queen will also hold Drawingrooms at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, Feb. 23, and on Tuesday, March 28.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES have also returned to town for the season.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORN.

THE STATE APARTMENTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE are now closed to the public until after the marriage of Princess Louise, it being necessary to put these apartments, with other rooms on the north side of the castle, in perfect readiness for the reception of the numerous illustrious visitors who will receive invitations to be present at the Royal wedding.

THE MARQUIS OF LORN presided, on Thursday week, at the annual dinner of the Inverary Curling Club, of which his Lordship is patron. Upwards of thirty members were present at the dinner, which was held in the Argyle Arms Hotel, Inverary. The croupier, Sir George Home, proposed as a toast, "The Princess Louise. In responding, Lord Lorn said:—"I assure you the Princess looks forward with much delight to the time when she hopes to visit this part of the kingdom. In one of your recent matches between married men and bachelors my sympathies were entirely with the latter, and I was glad they were able to hold their own; but next year I hope to be on the other side, and that I shall not find myself the only one draughted into the opposite ranks." The Rev. Mr. Carmichael, chaplain of the club, in proposing their noble patron's health, said:—"Though perhaps Lord Lorn won't thank me for saying so, there can be no doubt that Princess Louise has been very fortunate indeed; and I only hope she will prove as excellent a wife as her own mother or as Lord Lorn's has proved. It is saying a great deal, but it is not saying too much, when we express the conviction that the Marquis of Lorn is in every respect worthy of the Princess." A number of other toasts were then given; and the company, at the chairman's suggestion, joined, before separating, in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

"THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."—An Inverness paper states that it has now been definitely arranged that Lord Lorn is to wear at his wedding the full Highland costume. Several well-known houses in Edinburgh are at present busily engaged in making for the "youthful Marquis a magnificent specimen of the garb of old Gaul." No stone ornaments are to be introduced; the mounting will entirely consist of gold, richly chased—every piece of jewellery having engraved on it besides the arms of the noble house of Argyll.

LOYAL DEMONSTRATIONS are to be made in Windsor on the occasion of the Royal marriage. A dinner is to be given to the poor; and a suitable present forwarded to the Princess, the cost to be defrayed by a public subscription raised for the purpose.

THE QUESTION OF THE SESSION.

REORGANISATION OF THE ARMY.

MILITARY REFORM should be *the* great question for the Parliamentary Session just opened. The schemes of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan and Lord Elcho have been pretty well ventilated. The Government measure is yet to come. Meantime, the *Echo* opportunely calls attention to

"OUR BEST MILITARY MODEL,"

the admirable system of training under arms in vogue in Switzerland. We may premise that with regard to the important question,

COST,

Professor Cairnes states that, while last year's Army Estimates for England amounted to £14,000,000, producing an effective strength of 40,000 men; France's to £14,000,000, with an army which Prussia has been enabled to vanquish so easily, although the King's estimates were only about £7,000,000; the cost of the Swiss army of 200,000 men, out of a population of about two millions and a half, is £333,000 sterling; and the amount of interruption of civil and industrial pursuits from the calls of the army is—for infantry, from 100 to 110 days over a total period of twenty-five years; for engineers, artillery, and carabiniers, 160 days; for cavalry, 200 days; with fifty days additional for the non-commissioned officers, and 100 per cent in addition for officers. In short, a country less populous than England maintains an effective army of 200,000 men at a cost less than we pay for ineffectives alone. In illustration of

THE SWISS DEFENSIVE SYSTEM,

we give an Engraving of the Federal army engaged in a sham fight on the heights of Pompaples; and as an appropriate accompaniment, we may quote a lucid description of this military system from the *Echo*:—

SCHOOL DRILL.

The Swiss system is based on the education given at school; in the playground the Swiss learns the A B C of soldiering. From the age of seven onwards a child is taught to know his place in the ranks and to master the rudiments of drill. He is not, indeed, compelled to put in these exercises; but, in point of fact, he generally avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the State of becoming smart and soldierlike and of improving their physique. There are mimic reviews and mimic field-days; the youths have weapons of their own, in the use of which they are instructed; and when the young Swiss attains the age of nineteen, not only has he to thank drill for a measurement round the chest, but, without having neglected his civil education, he is plastic material to be converted into a good citizen soldier with one year's expedition. At this period he passes into the cadre of

RECRUITS,

and in his own canton goes through a certain period of service, varying from four to five weeks, according as he intends to join the infantry or the picked corps, consisting of the cavalry, artillery, engineers, or the Scharfschützen, or picked riflemen. At twenty-one every able-bodied Swiss passes into the

FEDERAL ARMY,

and in it he remains until the age of thirty-four, going through a week of drill every year if he be attached to an infantry regiment, and a fortnight if he be connected with the other branches of the service, and twice a year taking part in a general review of the troops of several cantons. He then passes into the

ARMY OF RESERVE;

the landwehr next receives him; and at the age of forty-four he has no further obligation except to join the landsturm in the event of invasion. In a land of free government like Switzerland—and we must bear the same of England—the soldiering of the citizen strengthens civil rather than military institutions. The army is rendered truly democratic by the union of all classes in drill, and an industrial population will never be led from their homes and their occupation merely to engage in foreign conquest.

A British soldier costs, on an average, £40 a year; the French soldier, £40; even frugal Prussia must make an outlay of £30; while Switzerland pays for each of her braves about £1 11s. a year.

mere circumstance that her army consists entirely of reserves is not a complete explanation of this marvellous economy. The care

NOT TO OVER-OFFICER THE ARMY

is one, and not the least, of the secrets. The somewhat scandalous, and certainly costly, spectacle of colonels without regiments and captains without companies is common here. While we have hundreds of generals and twice as many colonels, and half-pay officers in every boarding-house and at every billiard-table in Europe, the Swiss are content with sixty-six colonels and seventy-nine lieutenant-colonels.

LONDON RELIEF FOR PARIS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE DISTRESSED PARISIANS continue to pour into the Lord Mayor's fund at the Mansion House. Dean Stanley preached a noble sermon on behalf of the fund in Westminster Abbey, on Sunday; when Archbishop Manning likewise advocated the good cause, remarking that in all probability no amount of alms or Government aid could overtake the magnitude of the suffering, and too much promptitude could not be shown in forwarding the supplies. Several other movements for the relief of the distress in Paris are reported. At a meeting of booksellers and publishers, held at Stationers' Hall, on Monday, it was resolved to establish a special relief fund for the assistance of the suffering members of the trade in the French capital. As the first fruits of a meeting held at short notice, the same day, at York, Mr. George Leeman, Lord Mayor of that city, transmitted £300 for the Mansion House Fund. Her Majesty's ships Buffalo, Medusa, and Valorous are en route from Woolwich with 2000 tons of provisions, principally salt beef and preserved meats, sent by the War Department and Admiralty as a contribution towards the revictualling of Paris. Twenty-four ovens for the manufacture of biscuits with the same object are to be kept at work night and day until further orders.

AT THE STATIONS OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY, during the past few days, great activity has been displayed. Special goods-trains, heavily laden with grain, flour, bacon, and other provisions, leave left the Bricklayers' Arms station, the route being by Folkestone and Boulogne. The following notice is conspicuously posted at the London Bridge terminus:—"South-Eastern Railway—Revictualling of Paris. Railway communication between Boulogne and Paris having been restored for transport of grain and provisions for Paris, these consignments can now be received and forwarded by this company via Folkestone and Boulogne, the shortest and most direct route."

LETTERS FOR PARIS.—Notice is given by the Postmaster-General that a mail for Paris is now made up in London every evening (Sundays excepted), for conveyance by special steamer from Newhaven to Dieppe, in the hope of means being found for sending it on to Paris. The letters intended to go in such mail must be sent open—that is, unsealed—and none can be registered. A mail for Dieppe is also made up for dispatch by these direct steamers.

FRENCH PEASANT-FARMERS' SEED FUND.—At a meeting of the executive committee of this fund, held on Saturday last—Lord Vernon in the chair—it was resolved to request the Corn Exchange committee to purchase 300 quarters of nursery wheat in two-bushel bags, to be sent to Boulogne to the care of Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre, K.C.B., and to commence the work of distribution in the department of the Somme as soon as possible.

PARCELS CARRIAGE-FREE TO PARIS.—Parcels weighing from 1 lb. to 50 lb. (but not over 50 lb.) are sent free of cost if forwarded to Messrs. G. and R. Laxton, 55, Friday-street, City.

TELEGRAM FROM THE MAYOR OF PARIS.—At a meeting of the Mansion House Relief Committee, on Tuesday, it was stated that they had spent in all about £12,500, with which they had sent five consignments of provisions of all kinds to Paris. The Lord Mayor said he had a very gratifying telegram to read from M. Jules Ferry, the Mayor of Paris, which reached the Mansion House at one o'clock that day. It was as follows:—

"I have had the honour to receive Colonel Stuart Wortley and Mr. George Moore, delegates from the committee, presided over by your Lordship, for aiding the population of Paris and the districts ravaged by war. I have taken charge of the first portion of your magnificent and fraternal gift. The city of Paris expresses to the city of London its profound gratitude in the extremity of her misfortune. The voice of the English people has been the first which has brought to us the expression of sympathy from outside Paris. The people of Paris will never forget it; and if our two nations are united we may have faith in the future.

"JULES FERRY,
"Mayor of Paris and Member of the Government."

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1871.

COMPARATIVELY FEW PERSONS are aware, so completely has the war eclipsed every other subject, that a grand international exhibition will take place in London this year. A very handsome range of buildings has been erected at South Kensington for the purpose, and the exhibition will be opened on May 1 next. Notwithstanding the war, France will be a large contributor, and the French commission have built an annexe of their own, at a cost of about £80,000. The buildings are now finished, and the commissioners have begun to receive the various articles for exhibition, which must all be delivered before the end of February.

THE OBJECT OF THE COMMISSIONERS in holding the Exhibition may be summed up as follows:—They propose, in the first place, to make an international exhibition a permanent institution of the country, giving to industrial art the same opportunity that is afforded to fine art by the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In the second place, they produce the area over which the exhibition shall spread itself by reducing the various industries into groups, and, taking certain of these each year, bringing the entire industry of the country under review every seven or eight years, fine art being a standing division of the programme. And, in the third place, to restrict the conditions under which exhibits have hitherto been received, by making all articles undergo a preliminary sifting, through appointed committees of selection, thus excluding all works that do not possess sufficient artistic merit to warrant their exhibition, and by the further exclusion of mere masses of natural products. The manufactures exhibited this year will be woollens and pottery, in addition to fine art of every description. Her Majesty's Commissioners have entered into arrangements for the printing and publication of the official catalogues by Messrs. J. M. Johnson and Sons, of Castle-street, Holborn.

THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC.

HOW THE DISEASE IS SPREAD.

A case showing how contagious disease may be spread in an overcrowded neighbourhood came before the Clerkenwell Police Court, on Saturday. The medical officer of health certified that a man, his wife, and six children were living in a room in Merlin's-place, and that one of the latter, two years old, was suffering from smallpox. The magistrate made an order for the removal of the child to St. Luke's Workhouse. At Bow-street, on the same day, a surgeon named Skelton was again fined for refusing to have his children vaccinated. His defence was that he believed vaccination to be injurious as well as useless. At the Southwark Court a man was fined 40s. for having hired a street cab without giving notice that it was for the conveyance of a smallpox patient, and the cabman was fined 20s. for not having disinfected the vehicle.

RE-VACCINATION RECOMMENDED.—A memorandum has been issued from the medical department of the Privy Council pointing out how important it is that all persons who have been vaccinated in infancy should, as they approach adult life, undergo re-vaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for the latter operation is from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and no person ought to postpone it until a period when there is a special alarm of smallpox. But in circumstances of danger, every one past childhood, upon whom re-vaccination has not been successfully performed, ought, without delay, to submit to the operation.

VALUE OF VACCINATION.—At the meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, on Saturday, Dr. Grieve, of the Hampstead Hospital, furnished some striking testimony illustrative of the value of vaccination. He stated that, of the 582 patients who had passed through the hospital, the mortality amongst the vaccinated was under 7 per cent, while amongst the unvaccinated it reached nearly 43 per cent. Further experience only tended to confirm his opinion that in nearly every person who had been vaccinated, and to whom smallpox had proved fatal, there had been some previous vitiation of the system, and in the majority of cases that vitiation had been caused by gin-drinking to excess.

THE HEALTH OF LIVERPOOL continues in a very unsatisfactory state. Smallpox and fever prevail to an alarming extent. In the workhouse hospital of Brownlow-hill alone there are no fewer than 689 cases of these two diseases, and last week the deaths in the town exceeded by 192 the number recorded in the corresponding week last year. The health committee have resolved to keep disinfecting establishments open night and day.

DISASTERS IN THE MIDLANDS.

AN ALARMING ACCIDENT occurred at a circus in Manchester on Saturday. In the course of a special entertainment, at which about 3000 children were present, some boys in one of the galleries, being unable to see part of the performance, pressed forward so strongly that the protecting rails gave way, and several of the boys fell on to the heads of the persons seated below, fortunately with no more serious result than inflicting some slight injuries.

A DISASTROUS FIRE occurred in Manchester on Saturday evening. The large spinning-mill of Messrs. Shaw, Jardine, and Co., Elizabeth-street, Oldham-road, was discovered to be on fire about two hours after the workpeople had left for the day, and before any effective effort could be made to stay the progress of the flames the building was completely gutted, and some adjacent property destroyed. The damage to the mill alone is estimated at £50,000.

IRELAND.

IT IS INTENDED to call out the Irish militia in May next. This is a practical answer by the Government to the taunts of the "National" press.

THE FINDING OF A VERDICT of "Accidental death" by the Coroner's jury in the case of Humphrey Davies, the bailiff, who was shot lately at Foxford, in the county of Mayo, has excited great surprise, and is strongly commented on in the local journals. At the inquest the wife of the deceased swore positively that she was seated at his bed side, where he lay, in the act of feeding one of his children, when a shot was fired through the window.

DWYER, who was shot in the village of Ballagh, near Cashel, on Friday se'nnight, has died of his wounds. It appears that the ball passed through his ribs and lodged in the back, carrying with it one of the buttons of his coat. The assailant fled, closely pursued by Dwyer's son, who, after running a short distance, was also shot at, but without effect.

THE POLICE OF BAYLINN STATION, near Athlone, under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act, arrested, on Friday night, at the house of a gardener named Walsh, nine men, mostly of the labouring class, whom they believed to have assembled for unlawful purposes.

Sports and Pastimes.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

OXFORD.

AFTER a fortnight's trial of the most promising young oarsmen, the president has made a selection of five of last year's trial eight men—Messrs. Bunbury, Malan, and Giles, from Mr. Houblon's victorious crew, and Messrs. Farrer and Lesley, from that of Mr. Furneaux, and three of last year's defeated Oxford eight, Messrs. Baker, Payne, and Edwardes-Moss, who make up a crew unequalled in weight in the annals of Oxford aquatics, each man averaging 12 st. 8 lb. These powerful representatives of the "dark-blue" interests have been in practice within the last few days. Although exception may be taken by some to their unusual weight, and their being beyond the average of eight-oar crews, it must not be inferred that they are objectionable for that reason, as they are fine-built, proportionate men, whose strength and endurance under the régime of a course of Oxford training will tell to great advantage over the difficult and lengthy London water. From opinions of their merits already expressed by disinterested spectators, a very favourable impression seems to have been formed; while the "riverside talent," whose judgment last year, although correct, was unfairly impugned, seem unanimous in their admiration of the rowing at this early stage. Under these auspicious circumstances the Oxonians have experienced a return of their usual confidence, and investments on the "dark blue" are freely accepted at half a point in their favour. The eminent boat-builders, Messrs. J. and S. Salter, have been favoured with an order from the boat club for a new boat for the eight, which we are informed will be finished in time for trial on the Isis. It will be gratifying to the well-wishers of Oxford to know that the services of Mr. F. H. Hall, Corpus, last year's coxswain, are still available for his University. The following are the names, weights, and positions of the present crew, to which is added, for the sake of comparison, the weight of Mr. Hall:—

	st.	lb.
1. M. G. Farrer, Brasenose	11	12
2. E. Giles, Christ Church	12	5
3. T. S. Baker, Queen's	13	6
4. E. C. Malan, Worcester	13	5
5. J. E. Edwardes-Moss, Balliol ..	12	10
6. F. E. H. Payne, St. John's ..	12	10
7. R. Lesley, Pembroke	12	2
8. J. W. Bunbury, Brasenose	12	0
F. H. Hall, Corpus (cox.)	7	7

CAMBRIDGE.

The president has had the advantage of the presence and advice of two or three old University oars, notably Messrs. J. H. Watney (St. John's) and J. G. Chambers (Third Trinity), both of whom figured at Putney five or six years back. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Goldie, the president of the Cantabs, will fill the same position as he has done for the previous two years—viz., stroke; Davidson either going altogether out of the boat or being transferred to two. Mr. W. F. Macmichael, of Downing, another old University oarsman, and an ex-secretary of the C. U. B. C., is in residence at Cambridge, engaged in collegiate tuition. He is devoting his afternoons on the Cam to the good of his college club. Probably the "light blue" crew may also have the advantage of his coaching.

Remembering the comparatively short practice the men have had, there has not been seen such an eight on the river for many a long day; and, considering the reserve the light blue can fall back upon, in the persons of Tindall; Close, jun.; Laing, Gwatkin, and Baggallay, and the advantage to be gained by training of the "first water" for the space of a couple of months, the dark blue must at least be prepared with a lively stroke on deck. We append the names of Saturday's crew:—

B. S. Randolph, Third Trinity	W. H. Lowe, Christ's
C. S. Read, First Trinity	E. Phelps, Sidney Sussex
H. J. Lomax, First Trinity	J. B. Close, sen., First Trinity
E. A. A. Spencer, Second Trinity	J. H. D. Goldie, St. John's (st)
	J. G. Chambers (cox.)

CURES OF COUGHS, COLDS, AND ASTHMA BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. W. J. Dale, Chemist, 65, Queen-street, Portsea:—"I consider them invaluable for coughs, colds, asthma, &c." To singers and public speakers they are invaluable for strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d. per box.—[ADVT.]

A BESIEGED RESIDENT FEASTING.—SEE "THE NATURALIST"

MILITARY EXAMPLE FOR ENGLAND: EVOLUTIONS OF THE SWISS ARMY.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AT STEPNEY UNION SCHOOLS—AN EXAMPLE FOR THE NEW NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

BROADSWORD EXERCISE.

ROWING.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

We have ever held as important as mental culture. We therefore hailed with much pleasure the resolution that the London School Board came to, on the motion of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, that means should be provided for physical training, exercise, and drill in public schools established under their authority. This is a step in the right direction. We don't want the rising generation to be merely a nation of pallid scholars, narrow of chest, with stooping gait and puny limbs. Muscle as well as mind must be cultivated if Britain is to hold her own. To both sexes alike we hope the London School Board will extend their system of athletic training. In time we hope to see a rational and thorough plan of gymnastic education, such as Germans enjoy, general throughout the kingdom. At first, however, it seems, we must be content with exercises and drilling of a less extensive character.

An excellent system has for years been in vogue at the Stepney Union Schools, where "half-time" is the rule. This exemplary establishment was graphically described by the late Charles Dickens some time ago, when the exercises of the children were depicted in the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. Now that "Rob Roy" Macgregor has called attention to these same schools at the sitting of the London School Board in question, we have thought that this model establishment might be represented afresh, as an example for the Provincial Education Boards. Mr. Macgrgeor said at Stepney there might be seen any day about forty boys, now swarming up a mast, and then plunging pell-mell into a bath, and every one of the number able to bring up a farthing from the bottom with his teeth (A laugh). Again, at any time, twenty-five of them would row a visitor down to Greenwich. That institution was an example quite near enough to be imitated by the elementary schools. He would also suggest that young ladies should not be left with less physical training than young men. As to swimming, thousands of poor children were denied all opportunities of learning to swim, and when they grew up were reproached with not having learnt.

As thorough believers as Dr. Abernethy himself in the necessity of everyone practising the art of swimming as essential to the preservation of health, and also as being the most delightfully refreshing exercise extant, we cordially thank Mr. Macgregor for advocating a much-neglected accomplishment, the teaching of which ought to be included in any comprehensive system of physical education adopted in England.

MILITARY AND NAVAL DRILL.

The Franco-German War.

THE COUP DE GRACE

given to Bourbaki's army in the east of France is seized upon by M. Gambetta as an argument against M. Favre's conclusion of an armistice without consultation with the Bordeaux delegation. A strategic movement of great importance was being effected here, according to Gambetta, when news of the cessation of hostilities reached him, without his being informed that the eastern armies of the French were not included in the armistice; the result being that their operations were paralysed, while the Germans were again victorious. To refer back to this last French disaster, it appears that on Jan. 29 the 7th Prussian Corps overtook the French army under Bourbaki at Sombacourt and Chaffroy, on the roads leading from Besançon and Dijon respectively, and before their junction at Demastin, stormed both villages, captured ten guns, seven mitrailleuses, two Generals, forty-six officers, and 4000 men. At Pontarlier, on the 30th, Bourbaki found his only remaining road to the south, towards Lausanne, also occupied by the Prussian column, which had arrived by Nozeroy, and was unfortunately tempted to lay violent hands on himself. He was succeeded in the command by General Clinchamp, to whom nothing remained but to conclude an arrangement with the Swiss General Herzog for the reception of the French army at Verrieres. The artillery, according to telegrams dated Berne, Feb. 1, came to Verrieres that day, and the remainder of the force, estimated at from 80,000 to 85,000 men, surrendered the next day according to a convention, and have been disarmed and interned in Switzerland. Neufchâtel is crowded with fugitives, sick and wounded; even the churches are full. An imperial despatch from Versailles gives some additional particulars of the engagements fought between Pontarlier and the Swiss frontier, on the 30th and 31st ult. and 1st inst. No fewer than 15,000 prisoners, including two Generals, were taken by the Germans, and the other captures made by them included two eagles, nineteen guns and mitrailleuses, and many hundreds of provision-waggons. The German loss is set down at 600 killed and wounded. The Bordeaux papers give accounts of the fighting, in which the Germans are charged with having continued hostilities against the fugitive crowds of French soldiers while they were in the act of entering Switzerland. The carnage is said to have been horrible.

The 2nd Prussian Corps has also come into action. Its seventh brigade took 2000 prisoners and two eagles on the 30th, at Frasne; and Dijon was re-occupied by the Prussians on Feb. 1.

GARIBALDI,

in a general order issued to his troops before evacuating Dijon, pays a warm tribute to the memory of the Polish General Bossak, who lost his life while conducting a reconnaissance on Jan. 21. "This Leonidas of modern times," he says, "so beloved by all, will in the future be wanting to the democracy of the earth, to whose most ardent champions he belonged. He will be missed above all by his noble country. May the Republic adopt as their own family the children and widow of this hero!"

Garibaldi charges the Germans with having, in their unsuccessful attack on Dijon, beaten out the brains of some wounded prisoners, slaughtered physicians, and fired on surgeons and on soldiers belonging to the ambulances. A Franc-Tireur captain, he says, was bound hand and foot in the Château of Bouilly and burnt alive, his body being afterwards discovered, almost entirely consumed, except those portions where the fetters had been applied.

Garibaldi, replying to the invitation of Nice, has consented to become a candidate to represent that town in the National Assembly. He says, "I accept the candidature of my country, proud of the choice with which it honours me."

GAMBETTA'S RESISTANCE

threatened to stop the way of peace. "War to the death!" was his cry, rather than a dishonourable peace. He has issued a decree ordering the elections, but disqualifying Napoleonist officials from being elected. The members of the families who have reigned over France since 1789 were also declared ineligible. Protested against by Count von Bismarck, this decree has been annulled by the Paris Government, as interfering with freedom of election. There has been great excitement at Bordeaux, and the Democrats urged M. Gambetta to place himself at their head, and declare against holding the elections and against submitting to the terms of the Convention of Versailles. On Monday, however, MM. Arago, Garnier-Pagès, and Eugene Pelletan, members of the Paris Government, arrived at Bordeaux, bringing with them the decree signed by all the members of the Government, which annulled that of M. Gambetta, by which certain classes of electors were disqualified as candidates. M. Gambetta thereupon issued a circular to all the Prefects and Sub-Prefects, stating that, in consequence of the above measure, he had resigned his functions.

The elections for Paris, originally fixed for the 8th inst., were by a decree of the Government of National Defence postponed to the 8th. It was asserted that neither the members of the Government, nor any "Red" or Imperialist candidate, had any chance of being returned for Paris, the "conciliatory" party being in the ascendant. The following changes in the Government have been announced:—M. Dorian assumed the portfolio of public works during the absence of M. Magnin at Dieppe; and M. Hérold took the Ministry of the Interior in place of M. Favre, who, at his own request, had been relieved of his functions. The *Official Journal* states that in the negotiations between M. Favre and Count Bismarck the conditions of peace were not discussed.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE POSSIBLE RENEWAL OF THE WAR.

GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS.

The *Ost Deutsche Zeitung* announces that orders have been issued to send all available reserves to the front, and to fill up all regiments to their full strength during the armistice.

BEAUREGARD TO THE RESCUE.

The *Standard* is informed on good authority that General Beauregard has requested a large number of ex-Confederate officers to hold themselves in readiness to come to France for the purpose of serving under him should hostilities recommence. Many of them are now in London, awaiting the order of departure. The long defence of the South against all the resources of the Northern States was an experience eminently calculated to fit General Beauregard for the conduct of the defensive war which may yet ensue in France.

We also learn that a large cargo of arms and munitions of war has arrived at Bordeaux from the United States. It includes no less than 150,000 Remington and Springfield rifles.

TERMS OF PEACE.

A telegram from Versailles states that the Prussian conditions of peace lately announced are inaccurate in so far as concerns Lorraine, Pondicherry, and the twenty war ships. The Germans, however, will not give up Alsace and Metz. The war indemnity depends on circumstances, but will probably amount to eight milliards of francs. Another telegram from the Imperial head-quarters officially announces that Germany does not seek to acquire, through peace with France, any possessions in India, Asia, or any Transatlantic country. A clever speculator guesses that Germany nevertheless seeks to acquire sovereign rights over Pondicherry, in order that she may be able to offer the settlement to England in exchange for Heligoland.

On the eve of the capitulation of Paris England pointed out to the Powers the expediency of taking an active interest in the restoration of peace, and recommending to Prussia the concession of lenient terms to France.

To facilitate the requisite negotiations the Powers were asked to send instructions to their representatives in London.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS,

as described by special correspondents in the city, were so appallingly disheartening that it might be wished the districts in the South, whose cry has been "la guerre à outrance!" could be subjected for a while to the sufferings of the Parisians. A few features of siege life, depicted on another page, illustrate somewhat how much the Parisians have endured, as well as a grotesque incident or two.

GOING FOR THE SOUP

was an incident which struck one of the "specials." "It is one of the few pleasant sights here, the hopeful figures trudging through the snow, dressed in the most fantastic garments, and carrying their soup-cans. One meek little man comes in a soldier's casquette; another in a soldier's trousers, with huge tucks in them; a third wading about in Prussian high boots—all articles taken from the battle-fields. The little girls in bright new English petticoats, a coquettish English scarf or handkerchief round their necks, and their black hair tucked back under quaint caps. 'Is it necessary,' asks a pleading little voice, 'to go back for the forgotten ticket?' 'Yes, quite necessary,' we answer; otherwise the number of the family is apt to be strangely multiplied. I have known a family increase, in the space of an hour, from five to eight persons."

AMENITIES OF A SORTIE.

A Parisian law student, belonging to the 116th National Guards, declares that, in the last sortie, the Prussians did not show their heads over the line of a work against which his corps was sent, but to fire or *make grimaces* at the French. "The only one I saw was a fellow that put his fingers to his nose for me."

EATING A PET DOG.

"Yes, people eat their dogs here with a touching devotion. It is even said that a little lady here gave up her precious lapdog Bijou to be eaten. Bijou was killed; Bijou was cooked; Bijou was eaten. And Bijou's mistress was observed at dinner to put Bijou's bones aside on her plate mechanically, and was heard to remark, with a sigh, 'Oh, how my dear little Bijou would have enjoyed those bones!'"

THE LAST CRUST

of a correspondent, dining at a restaurant, proved so unpalatable that he left it. "In a little while my companions to right and left had eaten up their bread, and began to look wistfully at mine. Says the Colonel at Meudon to me—a stranger whom I had never before met—'Monsieur, are you going to eat your bread, or are you going to take it away?' 'If not, may I have some of it?' 'You may have it all, Colonel; I have had enough.' He took half of it, and shared that half with his friend the Captain, whereupon struck in Mdlle. Cocotte, saying, 'And may I have the other half? Permit me.'"

"SHOT BY HIS COMRADES."

This painful incident occurred after the last disastrous sortie. The dread punishment was inflicted on a private of the 119th French regiment for shooting his captain in action.

WAITING FOR NEWS OF THE SORTIE

must have been a touching spectacle:—"I suppose it was about the first to return from the field. As it entered by the Porte Maillot there was a most wonderful sight. A dense crowd—perhaps 2000—men, women, and children, waiting with dread anxiety for news. They could see nothing, standing as they did for the most part behind the drawbridge, but they listened to every shot that was fired, and looked hard for any one coming from the field. I was almost torn to pieces. They set upon me with terrible eagerness. 'What news? How goes the battle? Do you know anything of the 122nd of the Native Guards? How many guns did they find at Montretout?'"

THE PARIS FORTS.

The *Telegraph's* correspondent, who has visited Fort d'Issy, says:—"Artillery officers are of opinion that a breach would have been practicable on the south side. The embrasures only were serious damaged, and the gun in it was indented, but not dismounted. The interior of the fort, from the result of the bombardment, presents an appalling sight—the barracks being not only destroyed, but absolutely ground to powder. The *terreplaine* is strewed with débris of every description, and the earth-covered bomb-proofs penetrated to a great depth. The Germans had advanced on the railway, taking advantage of the configuration of the ground, and covering themselves as they came to open spaces at very short distance from the works signs of musketry fire were visible on both sides. The external defences of the fort are not injured seriously, except on the south side. The stockade and other obstacles on the glacis are not injured. As a work, Fort d'Issy is much stronger than Valérien; in natural position far weaker. The loss of life in Issy must have been terrible. Vanves, a work not so strong in position, but so important to the defence of Paris, has not suffered so much as Issy."

THE PARISIANS AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

A communication from the *Daily News'* correspondent with the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Saxony gives an account of the state of Paris immediately after the capitulation. On entering the city after the cessation of hostilities, at first he met with a somewhat threatening reception in the streets; but subsequently, in his ride to the Champs Elysées, he passed along unmolested. He describes Paris as utterly cowed by the suffering and misery it had undergone. The food was all but exhausted; there was no meat but horseflesh; great difficulty in getting bread; and fuel was so scarce that it could hardly be had for any purpose on any terms. There had been no disturbances, for the people were quite broken in spirit by hunger and defeat to create any. He adds:—

"The bakers' shops were closed; the grating down before the butchers'. And oh, the number of funerals! One, two, three; I met six altogether in the course of my ride. Sad with an exceeding great sadness; such was what I found as regards Paris long before I reached the American Legation. The whole city is haunted with the chaste odours which horseflesh gives out in cooking; odours which I learned to appreciate at Metz. They permeate the deserted British Embassy; they linger in the corridors of the Grand Hôtel, and fight with the taint from wounds in evil case. The Grand Hôtel is one huge hospital. Half Paris seems converted into hospitals, if one may judge by the flags. They were more than were needed until the southern bombardment began; and then when the hospitals, ambulances, orphanages, and madhouses on the south side had to be evacuated, there was a squeeze on this side of the water. The pinch for food is worse than ever, pending the result of the negotiations for its supply. The day before yesterday the hungry broke into the reserved store of potted provisions in the Place, smashed all obstacles, and looted the place. No one who has paid the prices himself, and has the figures down in black and white without exaggeration, I have the following list:—

"Two francs for a small shrivelled cabbage; 1f. for a leek; 45f. for a fowl; 45f. for a rabbit (which must be taken for granted as cat); 25f. for a pigeon; 7f. for a 2-lb. chub; 14f. per pound for stickleback; 4f. per pound for potatoes; 40f. per pound for butter; cheese, 25f. a pound, when procurable. Meat dearer than horseflesh is absolutely not to be procured. It was asserted that if I offered £50 down in bright shining gold for a veritable beefsteak I should have no claimant for the money. The last cow that changed hands 'for an ambulance' fetched £80. These prices cannot now be bought for money. The bread is bad, the difficulty is to get it. Only people say that there is nothing else to do but wait outside the bakers'

the butchers'. I saw huge throngs at both as I rode through Paris, and chiefly women, waiting silently in the cold. Last evening there looked in a party that had been experimenting in dining. They had eaten ostrich, cats, dogs, and mice. Yesterday neither bread nor meat was distributed in this arrondissement. Those who had no money have simply had to hunger. The trees on the Boulevards have suffered less than I expected. In the Champs Elysées they are utterly ruined, and the others elsewhere have, I am told, shared the same fate. The scarcity of wood was terrible in these latter days.

"The moral effect of the bombardment on the population was terrible. After the first day of distance the Government felt the pressure. M. Jules Simon told a friend of mine that the bombardment of St. Denis had shortened the siege by a week. Competent authorities estimate that Paris, had she been obstinate, might have gone on for another month. had the pickles and preserves, and all the odds and ends now sold at exorbitant prices, been taken and rationed. Whatever may be asserted as to the arrangements or intentions, it is certain that up till now (Feb. 2) provisions, otherwise than surreptitiously, have not been introduced into Paris. The state of things, therefore, is worse than ever. In more than one arrondissement no rations have been issued for the last two days. The people in despair are too miserable to riot."

REVICTUALLING OF PARIS.

RELIEF FROM ENGLAND

is rapidly pouring into Paris to fill the mouths of the hungry millions, whose fate has excited the warmest sympathy of the whole world. On Sunday evening Earl Granville forwarded to the Lord Mayor a telegram received from Mr. Odo Russell, dated Versailles, 4 p.m., on Saturday, stating that Mr. George Moore and Colonel Stuart Wortley, the representatives of the city of London committee, had reached Paris that day, after a journey of twenty-six hours, and were making arrangements for the gratuitous distribution at once of the food at their disposal. Other consignments of edibles sent by the Mansion House Committee in large quantities—one of them in charge of the Hon. Henry Bourke, brother of Lord Mayo—have since followed those which Mr. Moore and Colonel Wortley took with them to Paris, so that the supply from that source will now be pretty regular, and will go far to relieve the prevailing destitution.

While the private subscriptions to the Lord Mayor's fund have reached some £60,000, Mr. Gladstone has ordered the victualling establishments of the War Department and the Admiralty to work night and day for the relief of Paris. Labourers have been engaged at the Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford, preparing 2000 tons of provisions, principally salt beef and preserved meats, such as are issued to the Royal Navy, for immediate transport; while the men and boys recently employed in the bakery at Deptford Victualling-Yard have been re-engaged for the manufacture of biscuits for the poor of Paris, and twenty-four ovens are to be kept at work night and day until further orders.

THE GRATITUDE OF THE FRENCH

for the measures taken in England to feed the hungry in and around Paris is well indicated by the "special" of the *Daily Telegraph* at Versailles. Accompanying two other Englishmen on a visit of relief to the suffering poor in the little hamlets below Fort Valérien, the charitable correspondent was well rewarded for his trouble:—

A REUIL SURPRISE.

"At Reuil all things went 'straight' to the Mairie. The Mayor was ill, but his adjoint was there. I asked him about food, and he told me exactly what the people in the Valérien cottages had said. They have had, for four months, enough of horse, cow, dog, and black bread to keep life in them, and they have had vegetables till the frost came. But they have and have had no beef or white bread since November. When I told him the nature of my mission—when I said that I was sent by England to bring him real bread and real meat, and that he could have as much more as he wanted—the poor fellow opened his eyes very wide, and then shut them very tight. The corners of his mouth began to tremble, he burst into tears, prostrated himself upon me, and embraced me. That done, but still sobbing, he rushed into the courtyard, where a mob had assembled on the rumour that people had come in from Versailles; then he shouted with a shaking voice, and wiping his eyes vigorously as he spoke, 'Unload that carriage, convey its contents into the guard-room, and let two men be immediately detailed to watch the precious substances which we owe to these generous strangers.' After delivering this order, he came back to us and began with deep emotion. There was no trumpet about it, the poor fellow was altogether overcome by this arrival of manna from heaven to his very day when he had two thousand people to feed—and nothing to give them."

A ROADSIDE INCIDENT,

described by the same writer, also deserves to be cited:—

"At the Porte Jaune, where we were to leave the high road, and strike left again, past the end of Garches, towards Mont Valérien, we met a family—a wizened old man, a feeble old woman, and a girl who might have been eighteen. These people were endeavouring to prop up a leaky, lop-sided handcart, in which they were carrying a mattress, a broken chair, a jug, and a saucepan. The old man said, 'We lived at St. Cloud, and had to seek shelter a month ago. This morning we heard that St. Cloud was open, so we came down to the house to see what was left. There it is,' and he pointed to the cart. 'Where 's your home now?' asked Captain Ross. The man did not answer, but he pointed to the cart again, with an expression of face half-idiotic. 'What do you get to eat?' inquired Mr. Sydney Hall. 'Eat!' repeated the old man, with a kind of grin, 'eat!' and he looked at his wife and child. He evidently had a way of looking at things, and of suggesting his replies, otherwise than by making them in words. This would have been interesting to study if we had had time, but it was already four o'clock. So I abandoned the old man and turned to his wife, saying, 'How do you live, Madame?' She answered, in distinct language, 'Well, we eat when we can—that is to say, when we can find anything. The Prussians sometimes give us the entrails of the sheep they kill.' We undid our sack, and produced two loaves and a leg of mutton. If the subscribers to the French Relief Fund could have seen the eyes which the family cast upon this unexpected food, they would have rejoiced indeed. They huddled the loaves in their arms, and the girl took up the *gigot* and stared at it with bewilderment. We went on immediately; and I am disposed to think that they may have had a repast of raw mutton directly our backs were turned, for they looked like cannibals whenever the flesh was placed before them."

TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

SIXTY PERSONS KILLED — A HUNDRED INJURED.

Toulon, Feb. 5.—A frightful accident occurred on the railway between Bandoz and St. Nazaire, through the explosion of a waggon laden with powder-casks. Several travellers and carriages were smashed to pieces. About sixty persons were killed and a hundred were injured.

GERMAN VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC.

Intelligence was received on Monday, in Liverpool, of a German naval victory in the Pacific. The news of the engagement is conveyed in the following despatch, dated Havannah, Monday, Jan. 23:—"An encounter took place in the Pacific (the exact locality is not given), about Dec. 20 last, between the Prussian frigate Medusa and two small French gun-boats, named the Curieux and the Bruiox, which resulted in the sinking of both the French vessels. The Curieux carried four brass 12-pounders and the Bruiox two 12-pounders and a 24-pounder; whilst the Prussian frigate was armed with guns of a heavy calibre."

THE "PRICKING" FOR SHERIFFS.—Earl De Grey, Lord President of the Council, gave the annual dinner, on Monday, for the "pricking" of Sheriffs for the present year. Mr. Gladstone and most of the members of the Government were the guests.

THE HEALTH OF MR. JOHN BRIGHT, MP., is so far re-established that he is expected to go to Invergarry about the end of this month for salmon-fishing.

BOURBAKI was thus described six months ago by the correspondent of a contemporary:—"He is a wondrous swordsman, and often, it is said, performs the feat with which Sir Walter Scott rendered Saladin famous—laying a silk handkerchief on the blade of his scimitar, and shredding it in two with an almost imperceptible movement of the arm."

A GRAND SALUTE WAS FIRED AT BERLIN, on Sunday, in celebration of the defeat of Bourbaki and his retreat into Switzerland.

A NEWLY-INVENTED "FLYING-MACHINE" was tried at San Francisco on Jan. 6. It works by steam. All the machinery "worked to the perfect satisfaction of the inventor." The machine is named "America."

MR. HUMPHREY NICHOLS has given £7000 to the Salford and Pendleton Royal Hospital and Dispensary, and £7500 to the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Manchester and Chester diocese. The four gifts named, together with donations previously given to the same charities by Mr. Nichols, amount to the magnificent sum of £40,000.

DR. JOHN HOPKINSON, a former student of Owens College, Manchester, who came out Senior Wrangler at the recent Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, was presented by the members of Owens College, on Monday, with an address congratulating him upon his success. Dr. Hopkinson is the son of Mr. Hopkinson, an engineer in Manchester, and, being disqualified by the fact that he is a Nonconformist from competing the emoluments which attach to the honour he has achieved, he has already devoted himself to his father's business.

The Ladies' Column.

AN AMERICAN LADY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

RIGHT welcome is the growing fashion of speech-making in public by ladies—one of the good things the Education Act has done much to develop. A noteworthy address was delivered lately at Bath by

MRS. ROSE,

who eloquently advocated the right of her sex to be represented at the school boards. Witness the following extracts, which we quote from the *Women's Suffrage Journal* for February:—

"Woman is actually beginning to be considered as a human being (Hear, hear)! as a human being who has influences beyond the boudoir, the ball-room, and the theatre—for those, until very recently, have been the only places assigned to her except the kitchen and the cradle (Applause and laughter). Now, in all these places it is very desirable that the influence of woman for good should be felt—particularly so in the kitchen and at the cradle. But woman can have influences beyond all these. Indeed, I should like to ask the question, if I thought it possible to receive an answer—where is it, as far as the welfare of society is concerned, that woman cannot have an influence for better or for worse? and, above all things, where the education of the young is concerned (applause). Why, woman, in her capacity as nurse and as mother, is the educator of society. She lays the first fundamental principles in the mind of the child which are hardly ever eradicated; and yet men, and sometimes women—I mean unthinking women—and Miss Burdett Coutts, with all respect to her—(hear, hear)—have never been capable of diving down to the very utmost roots of this great and important question, that of having women on the school boards, and, indeed, on every committee formed for the training of human beings—men and women (applause). . . . When we claim the right of woman to life, liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness, we claim that she shall be able to bring up our children, to lead our youth, to assist our manhood, and to aid the great family of man to become healthy, intelligent, and happy members of society." The lady retired from the platform amidst enthusiastic applause.

ANOTHER LADY SPEAKER

is thus referred to by Mr. Labouchere, who, as the "Besieged Resident," has furnished the *Daily News* with such witty letters from Paris:—

"At the club where these fraternal sentiments were expressed, there is a lady who sits on the platform. When any one makes what she considers a good speech, she embraces him on both cheeks. She is by no means ugly, and I had serious thoughts of making a few observations myself in view of the reward. That bashfulness, however, which has been my bane through life prevented me. The lady occasionally speaks herself, and is fond of giving her own experiences. 'I was on my way to this club,' she said, 'the other evening, when I observed a man following me. "What dost thou want?" I asked, sternly eyeing him. "I love you," replied the vile aristocrat. "I am the wife of a citizen," I answered, "and the mother of the Gracchi." The wretch sneaked away abashed, to seek other prey. If he addresses himself to some Princess or Duchess, he will probably find a victim.' The loudest applause greeted this 'experience,' and several very uncleanlooking patriots rushed forward to embrace the mother of the Gracchi, in order to show her how highly they appreciated her noble conduct."

FLORILINE!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the Fragrant Floriline on a wet toothbrush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers. H. C. Gallup, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering with cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It has been long in use in America, and is highly recommended by medical men; it is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child; it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Price 1s. 1½d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

Pianofortes for Hire from 10s. per month, by the best makers. Several cottages for sale at £12. Useful pianofortes from £3. Hopes, &c. Trade supplied. M. Bath, 80, High Holborn (side door).—[ADVT.]

RUPTURE OR PILES.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Prof. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Piles, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Persons desiring a copy may address Prof. O. Phelps Brown, 20, c. Hatton-garden, Liverpool, London, Glasgow, or Dublin, and it will be sent by return of post.—[ADVT.]

1. Going for Soup. 2. Amenities of a Sortie. 3. Dining off a Pet Dog. 4. The Last Crust. 5. Shot by his Comrades. 6. "What news? How goes the battle?"

THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

VALENTINES OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

VALENTINES FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

1. To a Pious Emperor.

You preach Christian doctrines and civilisation,
The truth you are spreading with fire and sword.
The Father you are of the great German nation—
And a most Pious Parent you are, 'pon my word.

2. To a Captive Eagle.

You once did hope to lead the van
Of victor hosts across the Rhine;
But since they caught you at Sedan
To humbler views your thoughts incline.

3. To Victor Emmanuel.

While others their hard fate may justly bewail
No reason have *you* at Dame Fortune to rail;
Though to many the storm proves uncommonly rude,
'Tis an ill wind, they say, which blows nobody good.

4. To Mrs. Non Poss.

Here's Mrs. Non Poss looking awfully sour,
For she's just been evicted from home;
And not liking the loss of her Temporal Power,
She threatens departure from Rome.

5. To Ben Dizzy.

You here see Ben Dizzy
Who makes speeches so fizzy;
While novels political
He writes most satirical.

6. To a Fair Princess.

Oh Princess fair, we all declare,
The homage of our heart is thine
Oh happy be thy wedded life,
Thou truly Royal Valentine!

7. To a Gallant Marquis.

Amongst the bridegrooms thou dost shine,
With such a charming bride as thine.
Ah! many a German Prince will pine
For loss of such a Valentine.

8. To the Man at the Wheel.

Though tempests rage around our coast,
Secure we still may feel;
For England's bark will ne'er be lost
While Gladstone's at the Wheel.

9. To the Russian Bear.

Ah! Russian Bear, pray have a care,
The Porte of Turkey leave alone;
Think twice ere you the treaty tear,
Or soon we'll make you change your tone.

10. To the Sick Man.

For a Sick Man you do seem remarkably stout,
And you *don't* seem afraid of the Czar.
You are right; for John Bull will again take your part
If Russia should venture on war.

11. A Wordy Warrior.

If mighty words could crush the foe
And drive him from the land,
You are the very one, we know,
To charge him—pen in hand.

12. To Mother Bismarck.

Arms akimbo, threatening all
Mother Bismarck swaggers tall;
Caring nought for right or wrong,
Fearing no one but the strong.

13. To the New King of Spain.

How does your Majesty like your new throne?
Is the gunpowder sniff to your taste?
If you're not wide awake from your seat you'll be blown,
And compelled to skedaddle in haste.

14. To the Great Prussian Spider.

In his web, for ever spinning,
Snares to catch unwary foes,
Moltke is busy, vict'ries winning—
What his plans are no man knows.

15. To the Yankee President.

Though you swagger and bluster, a bold Filibuster,
You never can frighten John Bull;
Stamp and threaten you may, your claims he won't pay—
No, Johnny is not such a fool.

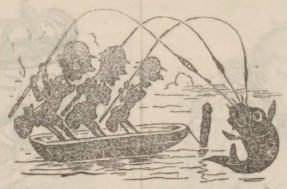
16. To John Chinaman.

Ring a ring a ring ching, swords and pistols,
Choppee heads off missionaries, mince 'em up for pies;
Wavee little banner, strikee gongee gongee,
When the Consuls interfere tellee biggee lies.

HAIR DYE.—Batchelor's Instantaneous Columbian, the best in the world, black or brown. The only one that remedies the evil effects of bad dyes. 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s., of all Perfumers and Chemists.—R. Hovenden and Sons, 5, Great Marlborough-street, W.; and 63 and 93, City-road.—[ADVT.]

EXQUISITE, VERY IMPORTANT, RARE, AND VALUABLE are the properties of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline, curing the worst headaches, sickness, sick, or bilious attentions. Pleasant, palatable, and invigorating. Of all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

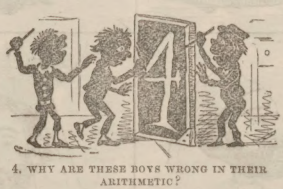
PICTORIAL CONUNDRUMS.



1. WHY IS THIS GEOMETRICAL FISHING?

2. WHY IS THIS PASTRYCOOK A GOOD MANAGER?

3. WHY IS THE GENTLEMAN IN CAP AND GOWN THE BETTER LOGICIAN OF THE TWO?



4. WHY ARE THESE BOYS WRONG IN THEIR ARITHMETIC?

5. WHY IS THIS POOR LITTLE RABBIT SO TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED?

6. WHY IS IT SAFE TO EAT THIS DELICACY?

(For Answers, the reader is referred to his or her own ready wit—or to page 94.)

THE CAPE DIAMOND-FIELDS continue very productive. Several gems of great value have been brought by the Roman. Mr. Campbell arrived at the diamond-fields and assumed his duties. He was warmly welcomed by the diggers, and regret was expressed that his powers are limited to so narrow an extent, and it was hoped that the British rule would shortly be extended there.

The Naturalist.

THE Paris correspondence of the *Food Journal* has been particularly readable to gastronomists of late. Gossiping of the epicurean feats of the unfortunate Parisians, the correspondent writes:—"Camel is like veal," says one; "seal like lamb, and bear like pig." "Why do you not eat monkey?" says another. So the

MONKEY

seems to have been the only species in the Paris "Zoo" to escape scot-free from the unappeasable appetites of our besieged neighbours. How is this? What kindly interests for these animals have intervened to save their lives? Shall we ask Darwin? He might tell us that at last his lessons on the origin of species have had their effect, and that the intelligent Parisians have recognised in the chimpanzee and the blue baboon a close resemblance to their fellow-men, the generous Prussians—the very sight of a Prussian makes them sick at heart—so one can well understand that a more intimate recognition of his near relative would disturb in a somewhat similar manner a portion of their body not very far distant, physically speaking, from their pericardium. Travellers relate strange anecdotes of the different dishes they have tasted in their peregrinations. They have eaten opossum, kangaroo, cassowary, galago pie, and snakes' eggs, and they even confess that they feel no compunction in accepting a slice of roast monkey. They even give us

A RECEIPT

for the most efficacious manner of preserving the luscious juice of baked ourang. First catch a fine young ourang; then inclose him in a coating of clay, and place on the embers of the fire. On breaking the baked covering the animal will be found to have lost its hairy coat and to all appearance resemble a young human child. Serve it up with a few leeks—a little porpoise oil greatly improves the flavour. *Revenons à nos moutons*, or *à nos singes*. Giving free reins to his imagination, our Artist produces what he terms a likeness of a "besieged resident" taking his tea. He is giving a savage look at his keeper, who is eyeing him with an expression of great interest, with some intention, maybe, of getting his hirsute friend to assist at his next *déjeûner à la fourchette*. It is to be hoped that this friendly feast came off, and that the chimpanzee is yet alive to prove that even Parisians, though reduced to the very last extremities, refrained from making a *bonne bouche* of their Darwinian originator.

MUSICAL COWS.

That pigs are not the only animals who take a delight in musical sounds, may be proved by the following incident, of which a correspondent of *Science Gossip* was witness on more than one occasion:—"Opposite to our house was a large field, in which some twelve or thirteen cows were put during the summer months. One day a German band commenced to play in the road which divided the house from the field. The cows were quietly grazing at the other end of the field, but no sooner did they hear the music, than they at once advanced towards it, and stood with their heads over the wall attentively listening. This might have passed unnoticed, but, upon the musicians going away, the animals followed them as well as they could on the other side of the wall, and, when they could get no further, stood lowing piteously after their retreating forms. So excited did the cows become, that some of them ran round and round the field to try and get out, but finding no outlet, returned to the same corner where they had lost sight of the band; and it was some time before they seemed satisfied that the sweet sounds were really gone. It seems a strange coincidence that both the pigs and cows were charmed by music produced by a German band."

AN OTTER CHASE AFTER A SALMON.

A Fort William corespondent writes:—"A somewhat unusual scene was witnessed the other day near the south bank of Loch Linnhe. Six otters were seen chasing a salmon along the shore, and when at last they had succeeded in capturing it, apparently the question of its ownership formed the subject of a most serious dispute among themselves. After a fierce engagement, lasting for several minutes, one of the party made for the shore with the object of contention in its possession, leaving the others to 'fight it ont.' Although a landing was effected without much difficulty, other obstacles to a peaceable enjoyment of the salmon presented themselves. There being no 'cover' near the sea to retire with the booty into, the runaway otter deemed it necessary to take to the hills; but, being narrowly watched by a number of youths, the animal was pursued, and, not being able to make much progress under the circumstances, the salmon was surrendered to the pursuers, the otter returning whence it came—no doubt convinced of the truth of the old adage that there is 'many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

BISCUITS FOR PARIS.—As an instance of the assertions that are being made to feed Paris, it may be mentioned that Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. have patched, on Saturday last, from 10,000 tins 11,000,000 navy biscuits, weighing more than tons and occupying 10,000 packages.

Amusements.

PALACE.—Opera Concert this (Saturday) after-

GARDEN.—The Lottery Ticket—Pantomime: The Beauty. Seven. Last Afternoon Performance (Saturday).

.—Rule Britannia—Pantomime: Dragon of Wantley. Seven.

.—The Poor Soldier—Fairy Comedy, The Mystery.—Truth—Uncle's Will—Farce. Seven.

Ballet—Mr. Toole in A Christmas Story, and the Second. Seven. Saturday Afternoon Performance at Two.

.—Italian Opera Buffa. Eight.

.—Poppleton's Predicaments—Nell—New Extravaganza, Pearl and Virginia. Seven.

's.—He's a Lunatic—King o' Scots—The Happy

Rascal Jack—New Drama: Deadman's Point—Burlesque: The Mistletoe Bough. Seven.

WALLACK'S.—Farce: Locked In—Robertson's Play: Ours. Half-past Seven.

's.—A Day after the Wedding—Mrs. Rousby at Ays and Crown. Seven.

—Two Roses—Burlesque: Eliza-

New Burlesque: Vesta, &c. Seven.

—Diamond Cut Diamond — Dora's Device — Junior. Half-past Seven.

Up in the World—Burlesque: Cœur de Lion—On Seven.

COMIQUE (289, Strand).—Farce—Found Drowned—Seven.

Jezebel—The Ticket-of-Leave Man. Seven (Sloane-square).—Farce—Comedy: Randall's Comedietta: Q. E. D. Seven.

AMPHITHEATRE.—Equestrian Entertainment. day, and Wednesday Afternoons at Half-Every Night at Half-past Seven.

HALL.—Sanger's Equestrian Entertainment Afternoons at Half-past Two, Even-Seven.

: My Son Jack. Seven.

: Double Double Dumplin. Seven.

: Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury

WELLS.—Readne—The Ticket of Leave. Seven.

.—Chilpéric.—Burlesque: Prince Love. Seven.

LONDON.—Pantomime: Harlequin and the Seven.

.—Pantomime: Woman and Mischief. Seven.

: Maid and the Magpie. Seven.

.—Pantomime: Nimble Nip. Seven.

Hermit or Hunter. Seven.

Lecture on the War, &c. (Open

Every day at Half-past

Eight.

Eight.

Mr. and Mrs.

Bucks; Tuesday and

Wednesday.

St. James's Hall, Every night at

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

GALLERY, South Kensington Mu-

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

Every Night at Half-past Eight.

SCENE FROM "KING O' SCOTS" AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE: NIGEL TO THE MISER'S RESCUE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY: IN SUSPENSE.

Choice Bits.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE HARFLEUR.

IN peace there is nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry, England! and Saint George!

SHAKSPEARE.

A COUNTRY'S BEST DEFENCE.

Crythes. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?

Ion. No, Crythes!—in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands,
Will be our safeguard:—while we seek no use
Of arms we would not have our children blend
With their first innocent wishes; while the love
Of country and of justice shall be one
To their young reason; while their sinews grow
Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports:
We shall not ask to guard our country's peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.

TALFOURD.

DOMESTIC ENJOYMENTS OF A WINTER NIGHT.

. . . The needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its blossoms; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds,
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence—a Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps, by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth;
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note; themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace, with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored—
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.—COWPER.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

Gracefully, gleefully, trippingly go
O'er the bright mountains the fawn and the roe;
Joyfully, tunefully, lovingly sing
All the sweet birds in the ear of the spring.
Hopefully, carefully, joyfully she
Scatters her smiles o'er the mountains and lea.
Summer descends like a bridegroom, whose glow
Crimsons the blossoms the spring bade to blow;
Spring is his bride, and she sits at his feet,
Veil'd in his glory, but ruling him sweet.

HARRIS.

OH! NEVER SAY THAT FRIENDS ARE FEW.

Oh! never say that friends are few,
And cold the world to me—
I walk with angels all the day,
In thinking, love, of thee.
The beauty of thy smile stars round
The night of every wrong,
And Love with blossoms strews the path
We struggle, wife, along.

There's grandeur in this love of ours
That makes my leal heart beat,
And music here that binds us close
In voices soft and sweet.
Life sings for me a merry song,
That echoes far and wide,
And heaven seems nearer to the earth
When thou art by my side.

I'll set a kiss upon thy brow,
More precious than a crown;
For it shall light the darkest day
That Fate can shadow down.
And royally it shall be worn,
I know, my own, by thee:
Nor shall less beautiful and bright
Its glory ever be.

Thy tender being, like a flower,
Ablow in Love's embrace,
Doth plead for kind and gentle thoughts,
And look up in my face.
Sweet, I will draw thy soul in mine,
As doth the sun the dew;
So thou shalt live thy life in me,
And I, dear love, in you.

MATTHIAS BARR.

MISS LANDON ON MEMORY.

Ah! tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past:
What is recalled by faded flowers
Save that they do not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?

A QUAKER'S PUZZLE.—A clergyman, thinking to puzzle a Quaker, asked him, "Where was your religion before George Fox lived?" "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time." "Now," added the Quaker, "Pray let me ask thee a question: Where was Jacob going when he was turned ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either," said the clergyman. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker: "he was going into his eleventh year."

CURRAN AND HIS PRIEST.—"I wish, reverend Father," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven; because then you could let me in." "By my honour and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the *other* place, for then I could let *you out*."

DIBDIN AND HIS HORSE.—Dibdin had a horse which he called *Graphy*. "Very odd name!" said Oxbury. "Not at all," responded Tom. "When I bought him it was *Buy-a-Graphy*; when I mount him it's *Top-o-Graphy*; and when I want him to go it 's *Gee-ho Graphy*."

SHERIDAN AND HIS FATHER'S SHILLING.—The late R. Brindsley Sheridan threatened to cut his son off with a *shilling*. He immediately replied, "Ah! father, but where will you borrow that shilling?" This humour, so like his own, procured the desired pardon.

FOOTE'S GENEROSITY.—An actress complained to him of the poor salary she was receiving from Garrick at Drury Lane. Foote asked her why she had gone to him, knowing the salary she might have had at the Haymarket. "He talked me over so," she said, "telling me he would make me immortal." "Did he so, indeed?" said Foote. "Well, then, I suppose I must outbid him that way. Come to me, then, whenever you are free; I'll give you two pounds a week more, and charge you nothing for immortality."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would remind our readers that this column is open at all times to contributions in verse of sufficient merit to deserve publication. Recent "Choice Bits" are instances of the poetical talent possessed by some of our subscribers; and other poems we have received would have been inserted had the versification been equal to the conceptions. "Gretchen; a Tale of the War," by "Launcelot," one of the last pieces sent to us, is an interesting contribution, but we cannot spare space for it, from the length to which it runs.

ANSWERS TO PICTORIAL CONUNDRUMS

ON PAGE 90.

1. Because it's a triangle.
2. Because he makes things pleasant.
3. Because he has beaten his antagonist in argument.
4. Because 2 and 1 cannot make 4.
5. Because he is not game.
6. Because it is an article of food.

Answer to "Pious Willie's" Charade—Bombardment.

Stories of To-Day.

A SENSATION SEA STORY,

recalling to mind the Adelphi melodrama of "The Sea of Ice," is vividly told by the *Weser Zeitung*, which informs us that the ship Thusuelda, from Stralsund, ran aground near Tangeroog. The crew were saved with great difficulty. The captain, a young man of five-and-twenty, had on board a wife, eighteen years of age. When he had paid off the crew, at Esens, he travelled next day across the flats to the island, to fetch off his wife. The week before these flats were a thick sheet of ice; but, a thaw having set in, with the wind in the south, the ice was for the most part broken up, and it was a serious undertaking to reach the mainland from the island. The captain, therefore, resolved to undertake the return journey under the guidance of two islanders well acquainted with the sand-banks. A cook from one of the ships lying in the roads joined the party, which started at ten o'clock in the morning of Jan. 10. They had made some way, when a thick fog came on. At high water

THE ICE PARTED,

and, in spite of the compass, it was impossible to get back to the island again. Thus five human beings stood upon a flake of ice alone, cut off from all the world, without prospect of deliverance. As the fog cleared off towards the evening they hoped that might be seen from Tangeroog and rescued; but, as they were left to their fate, and still worse was before them. The flake on which they all were borne to pieces, and after they had spent a night in misery, cold, and terror, the captain with his wife on one piece, the two islanders on a second, and the cook on the third piece, were all

DRIVEN OUT TO SEA

on the morning of the 11th. At one time, indeed, the woman was alone on a small flake, upon which she lay clasping her sides with her arms lest she should be drawn under, but she came up with her husband again later. The single flakes were scarcely larger than a small boat. The water washed over them continually, the poor people were thoroughly wet through, and, to fill up the measure of wretchedness, the cold they had brought with them were washed away as well as their last remaining bit of bread. When the tide began to rise the north wind drove the ice flakes back. That on which the two islanders were got into a current bearing towards the west; the others arrived at the Jan Sand. The cook reached the piece of ice on which the captain and his wife were, and cowered down with his bundle of clothes, which he alone had retained, wet and chilled through, and through, by the side of the poor young woman who was equally wet through and half frozen. The fog now came on again; and now each began to prepare for the last hour. When they had given themselves up for lost,

THE FIRST RAY OF HOPE

dawned on them, but only to deceive. They believed they were seen from the island of Spickeroog. They perceived several islanders. Renewed shouting and signalling; but in vain. Then Inspector Homeyer, who has the control of the dyke, hearing cries of distress from the flats, announced the fact at the sluices; and, as the fog lifted more and more, the unfortunate persons were soon discovered by the telescope. But not all; the two islanders had been driven far to the westward, and were out of sight of their companions in misfortune. A boat was pushed off instantly, manned by six good men and true, who as soon as they had provided themselves with all haste with necessaries for the crew and castaways, resolutely steered towards them through heavy drifts of ice. The life-boat followed a few minutes after, manned by twenty strong and resolute men. The inhabitants of the place watched the noble undertaking with anxiety and hope. On went the boats, ever onwards, nearing the scene of distress at length. To be praised! the drenched, famished, and half-frozen sufferers were lifted into the receiving boat. The good people had been thirty whole hours upon an ice flake. The second boat was now informed by the first that two persons were still missing; these also were found, and brought in by the life-boat in an almost dying condition.

A LOVE INCIDENT BEFORE PARIS.

A Prussian officer before Paris, writing to a friend in Edinburgh, says:—"I was on duty at the demandantur, where the exchange of papers, &c., was taking place, which is necessitated by the departure of one and the arrival of another regiment, and was busily at work. A smart young rifleman of the Guard (Guarde-Jager) reported himself, and requested to be furnished with the countersign for four days' leave. This would be requisite to pass him through the lines. This, by itself, is by no means an unusual request, but my attention was roused by the strangely wild look and apparently frightened demeanour of the young soldier, who seemed a stalwart fellow enough, and had a genuine military look. I demand his papers to pass. The rifleman hesitates. I jump at him, clutch the breast-pocket of his jacket, when, lo, behold! there bursts forth a regular flood of love

letters, beginning, one and all, 'My darling Anne.' The Garde-Jager turned out to be

A STRAPPING GIRL FROM POTSDAM:

He—no, *she*—was, by her own statement and as confirmed by the letters, betrothed to one of the non-commissioned officers of the regiment then stationed at St. Denis, and had come from the Fatherland, impelled by love and longing, to have an interview with her future lord. It is utterly incomprehensible to us all how she managed to come so near the goal as our line of outposts, in spite of the numberless dangers, questionings, &c. The romantic girl—who, a firm and collected manner—now sits, until the powers that be have issued the necessary orders for sending her back to Germany, in a lonely cell, still clad in martial raiment, and has ample leisure to meditate upon love and love's woes. Poor lassie!"

MARRIED IN HASTE.

(*From the "New York Times."*)

The other day, in a little town of Marion county, Missouri, a young couple were united without meaning it. In truth, both were engaged to be married to other people. The transaction seems to have been brought about thus:—Two young people, Mr. Joseph Chapman and Miss Nannie Hutchison, being thrown in company, were whiling away the hour by a general talk about matrimony. Previously they appear to have been indulging in some of the mutual banter which is illustrated by the juvenile game of "Follow my leader." That is to say, when one of a party does a given thing the other must do likewise or pay a forfeit. Now, whether fired by a sudden fit of daring, or stimulated by some more occult purpose, Joseph suddenly affirmed that he could "back down" Nannie in

GETTING MARRIED THAT VERY DAY.

The fair damsel promptly retorted that he could do nothing of the kind. She could and would rush into danger as far or further than her challenger. Neither would retreat, and each vowed that there would be a wedding that night unless the other withdrew. It was declared that the lady felt sure when the ordeal came the gentleman would retreat; and that the gentleman entertained a similar deep-seated conviction respecting the lady. A few hours were to show how deeply both were mistaken.

It happened that no clergyman lived nearer than Lonemont, a town four miles away. The young man proposed to go after this minister and have the nuptials solemnised then and there. The young lady, with a shrewdness, not to say a suspiciousness, which does her honour, said she would go along too. Hence they started together in a buggy, with no real purpose, it is said, even then, of figuring as principals in a wedding, and leaving their acquaintances to laughing at what they deemed a first-rate joke. Arrived at Emerson, neither party would give in, both with indomitable resolution, each was determined the other man was hunted up and acquainted with the situation. Even at the last moment, and on the dangerous edge of things, each secretly fancied that the other was about to capitulate. The consequence is already imagined. The daring and inflexible pair were

MARRIED IN THE BUGGY.

Hymen thus lighted his torch under circumstances probably quite unprecedented, and Joseph and Nannie returned to the circle of their admiring friends mated for life. According to a local journal, "pluck had more to do in this union than mutual attraction." Possibly more "pluck" would have been shown by the contracting parties adhering to their proper engagements.

SNOWSWORM.—At Chicago there has been a continuous snowstorm for forty-eight hours, terminating about eleven p.m. on Jan. 15. The snow was 20 in. deep on a level, and drifts rendered many streets almost inaccessible.

AN ACTION FOR LIBEL is pending against an American newspaper, the *Rochester Union*, for having stated that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is not equal as a singer to Jenny Lind. Mr. Max Strakosch, Miss Nilsson's entrepreneur, is the plaintiff.

CAPTAIN FAULKNER, of the Zambesi expedition, has been murdered by natives.

A TIMELY CAUTION FROM A FRENCHMAN.—One of the "most eminent Bordeaux merchants" writes a letter to the *Times*, in which he says:—"Will you not in England change your ways and make them less pacific, at least by increasing your militia, so as to have the means of mobilising in a short time something like a regular army? Think what ferocious, ravenous wolves the good, quiet, humane, peaceable Germans have become in a few short months merely by the taste of plunder, gold, and blood."

THE LATE MR. BRASSEY.—Probably the largest amount of personalty ever transmitted by one person is the personal estate of the late Mr. Brassey, the railway contractor, whose will was proved, last week, in the Court of Probate. His personalty alone, exclusive of his vast landed estates, amounted to six millions and a half. Of this gigantic—and during the existence of the Court probably unparalleled—sum, three millions passed to his children in equal shares, and the remainder was settled in trust to their equal benefit.

Gardening Operations for the Week.

(*From the "Gardener's Magazine."*)

GREENHOUSE.

REPOT at once into blooming pots pelargoniums, herbaceous calceolarias, and late cinerarias. Shift into larger pots the zonal pelargoniums intended for summer and autumn flowering. Stop and tie out specimen plants of all the sections of the great geranium family. Those intended for early flowering must not be shifted, but be kept in the warmest part of this structure, or be removed to an intermediate house. The aphides will now increase fast. Keep them in subjection with tobacco-smoke; the plants must not be neglected until they get smothered before the house is fumigated.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Where fruit trees are at all infested through the summer with green or black fly, red spider, or thrips, the best preventive is to give the trees a good dressing with some well-known compound at this season to destroy the larvæ. All wall-trees ought to have a good washing with warm water, and either Gishurt's compound or Fowler's insecticide used in the same way as soap. A moderately soft brush must be used to prevent injury to the buds. When all the wood is gone over in this way, dress with compound or insecticide, according to the directions accompanying it.

The very earliest sowings of celery will soon be ready for pricking out, and as hollowness and bolting are caused most frequently by the plant being starved at this stage of its growth, it is well to prevent any checks occurring to stop its growth just now.

Take up turnips and pit them in much the same manner as potatoes. Make fresh plantations of rhubarb where necessary. Trench the ground three feet deep if practicable, and work in a good dressing of fat manure. Plant in rows four feet apart, and three feet in the rows. Linnæus is a fine early variety; but Salt's crimson perfection, Prince Albert, and Victoria are amongst the most prolific and best for general crops.

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